

Wm. B. H. B.
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A N

E L E G I E

On the
EARL of ESSEX:

Who Cut his own Throat

In the
T O W E R.

July 13. 1683.

HOW many strange uncertain Fates Attend,
The Wandering Pilgrim to his Journeys End.
Earth turns to Earth, Water, Air, and Fire,
Against the Breath inform'd them. do conspire;
As every Man were his own Fatal Catch,
'Tis in his Hands to forward the Dispatch;
Some in the Field of *Venus*, some in *Mars*,
Some meanly Hang themselves, some hang an Arse:
But mighty *Essex*, his Victorious Arm,
With Griefs Opprest, Receives the Swift Alarm,
A Meaner Foe then Steel, He Scorns to own;
Or Fall by any Hand, but by his Own,
Achitophel may hang Himself, and *Oats*
With *Judas* Swing, and some may cut their Throats,
Whom Black Despair, may Urge; But *Essex* He,
The first that Cut his Throat, for's Loyalty.
Oh! That Despair should 'Tend such Fiery Zeal,
This Mighty *Sampson* of the *Common-weal*.
Rais'd to Defend, and set his *Israel* Free,
From Popish Rage, Philistian Tyranny,
To shake the Pillars of the Church and State,
He Crowns it with his own untimely Fate.
Essex the Famous General, That Name,
So dear Recorded in the Books of Fame,
With Royal Blood, and Fatal Conquests Cloy'd,
Ten Thousand of the Kings best Friends Destroy'd:
But thou'rt the First, and shall Recorded be,
That Rid him of one Secret Enemy:

What fitter Victim, cou'd Great *Essex* Bring,
T'atone his Crime against an Injur'd King?

But here thy Rage too Desperate appears,
To Dye a Martyr to thy Doubts and Fears.
Oh Dire Revenge! Oh! Too Officious Steel,
To make that Wound, which Time can never heal.
Had'st thou but few Days Courage to with-stand,
Jack Catch had done the Business to thy hand.

But Oh Despair! more desperate then thy Guilt,
That durst not trust thy self to stand the Tilt,
Lest thy false Tongue, shou'd through thy Throat impart,
The Bloody Treasons that opprest thy Heart.

This must convince the World, and thy wrong'd Prince,
Thou with thy Guilt had'st rather hurry Hence,
Then stay to Justifie thy Innocence.

E D I N B U R G H,

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